

## Chapter 10

It was the start of the weekend but I couldn't relax.

I had woken up at half-past six, but returning to dreamland was impossible even though I was drained and my eyelids were heavy bags. There was no way—not with all the rabid thoughts swirling in my head.

Thoughts of Lucia.

But especially, fantasies of my little sister.

If I said yes last night, I'd have woken up with pink perfection snuggled up beside me. Naked. I would be pressed behind her, inhaling her delicious scent, rubbing my erection against the seam of her ass, feeling utterly content.

So many 'what if's' and 'what could be's'.

Ten minutes ago, I heard Ava heading out for cheerleading practice. I knew it was her from her slow, deliberate gait, but most noticeably—my chest growing tighter and my throat closing up.

It felt as if I had grown a sixth sense. My body knew exactly which sister it was, even if I couldn't see—or smell—her.

I shifted, then groaned. Yet again, I had a severe case of morning erection. My cock was red and throbbing angrily. Probably my body's way of telling me I was a moron for refusing sex with the hottest girl on the planet.

Did I regret it?

A little.

But it felt good standing up for once.

Heaving a sigh, I grabbed my phone from the nightstand, unlocked it, and tapped on Instagram. My daily routine.

A bunch of hot women popped up, but I frowned when Ava's picture didn't show on the first page of my feed. She should be there. Most of my time spent on the app was browsing her profile page and watching her stories she regularly posts.

Frowning, I typed in Ava's handle on the search bar, but came out empty.

Did she... wait.

She did.

Ava blocked me.

Fucking bitch.

I logged out and quickly created a new account, heading over to my little sister's page the second my new handle was made.

Ava had a new photo on her feed that she posted a few hours ago. It was an image of my little sister in bed, dressed in her pink silken pajamas.

My sister was frowning in an exaggerated manner, with her bottom lip pushed out and her index finger placed seductively on it. The frame was angled from above, and in such a way that you could see hints of her perfect teardrops.

She looked so fuckable, and my cock jerked up in agreement.

The caption read, '**Lonely** :('

Scrolling through the comments revealed hundreds of thirsty guys begging my sister to check her dms. Some of the bolder (or dumber) ones commented their phone numbers.

Of course. She wanted compliments to feed her ego. Judging by her reaction last night, it was her first time getting rejected. Ava finally received a dose of reality, and I was conflicted that it was me who gave her that.

*Does she hate me now?* Would we go back to non-speaking terms?

Would I ever have sex with her again? Taste those divine lips? Feel up those creamy curves?

So many questions.

I swiped out of Instagram and sent my little sister a quick text message.

**Me: Hey, can we talk?**

It failed to send. Motherfucker. She blocked my number too.

I should have expected it. Ava was the definition of immaturity. This was her way of throwing a tantrum.

But I still loved her. Fuck me, I couldn't stop thinking about gorgeous pink hair and vanilla lips.

If my sister actually went into a relationship with another guy and was fucking him, I wouldn't know what to do. Probably crawl and beg her to take me back.

No. No, I couldn't do that. I had to change. I need to stop being a pushover. Last night was the start of a new life. I didn't want to give up control anymore. Not to anybody. It was time for me to seize it instead.

I rolled out of bed and took a long, hot shower. Steam evaporated around me, floating upwards, but the thoughts in my head weren't, no matter how hard I tried to get her out of my head.

My cock was painfully hard, memories of us fucking replaying over and over, frustrating me to no end.

Eventually, I relapsed and pumped myself. I groaned, stroking faster, recalling how indescribable it felt when her warm pussy walls clung all around me so fucking tight, as if she didn't want me to leave. Neither did I.

God, was this how a breakup felt?

Miraculously, I managed an orgasm, spurting out an impressive load, moaning my little sister's name until my throat hurt.

I felt much better and more energized stepping out of the fogged up glass cage. I dried myself and picked out some of the new clothes Ava had bought me before exiting my room.

Lucia was already up, and cooking. Today she was wearing a cropped cami top and cotton shorts, looking just as amazing in those casual clothing than in a form fitting dress.

“Hey,” I greeted her, walking up to the fridge and retrieving my favorite thick cut sausages and a couple of eggs.

“Mhmm.” Lucia replied, her voice throaty, no hints of her usual silky tone.

I stared at her, recognizing tired eyes and messy bed hair. It gave my sister a wild look, an alluring contrast to her usual sharp and clean style.

“Didn’t sleep well?” I enquired.

“Mhmm.”

With the raw ingredients in hand, I stepped beside my sister, who was still cooking. I turned up the fire on my side of the stove, heating the pan, and I swore I heard my sister suck in a sharp breath.

I glanced at my sister and caught her looking at me. Lucia quickly turned away, focusing on scrambling her eggs, and I hid my smile. So it wasn’t just me. My sister was feeling the heavy tension between us, too.

The pill worked.

I couldn’t concentrate. I ended up overcooking my eggs and charring my sausages because we kept making side glances at each other.

I would look at Lucia, she would glance back, then turn away, cheeks flushed a cute pink.

It was endearing watching my older sister act like that. She was always confident and loud spoken, not demure and quiet, like she was then.

We ate in silence. Lucia finished her meal first, and she stood up to clean her dish. Watching her round ass sway left and right as she scrubbed the plate gave me the deluded confidence I needed.

Maybe it was confidence, or maybe it was the deadly combination of being sleep deprived and insanely horny. But I dropped my fork, got up, and walked over to my sister, squeezing her ass when I reached her.

Lucia gasped then dropped her plate. It crashed into the sink, the water still running.

My sister turned to me. "Aaron, what are—"

I silenced her with a kiss, wrapping an arm around her while my other hand clutched her wild hair, pulling her into me.

Lucia tasted exceedingly sweet, just like our sister, but in a different way. Ava was pure vanilla, but I couldn't pinpoint exactly how my older sister tasted. Maybe a sugary cake. A delicious sugary cake.

I could get *really* addicted to sweetness like that.

I stumbled backwards when Lucia shoved me, severing our connection.

"What the fuck, Aaron?" Her voice was shrill. She rubbed her lips with a thumb. "What the fuck?"

My breathing was so heavy, so fast, my heart racing with my heaves. It was a good question. What the fuck was I doing?

It was a spur of the moment decision. I was so fucking horny, and I acted on pure instincts.

"I..." I trailed off, wondering how the hell I should explain myself. I stared hard at Lucia. She didn't seem angry. Just shocked.

And should I even bother giving her a reason why I kissed her? Do I need to? She was stupidly hot, and I needed a pussy to bury myself into. Since Ava was not home, Lucia was the prime candidate.

That was all the reason I needed.

The words spilled out of me.

“Let’s have sex.”

“What?” My sister threw her hands up in a ‘what the fuck is wrong with you,’ gesture. “Have you gone insane, Aaron?”

There was no rage in her voice. Just raw shock and confusion. A good sign. And if the pill had indeed worked, she should be in love with me.

But that didn’t work with Ava. She showed no signs of love, at least love in the normal sense.

I had to stand my ground. Showing weakness was a thing of the past. Today marked a new me. A stronger, confident Aaron that knew what he wanted and would stop at nothing to grab it for himself.

I took a step forward, my lips still tingling from the sudden kiss. I didn’t know what to say, but I sure as hell knew what I wanted.

“Lucia.” I took another step forward, raising both palms. “Calm down, okay? I—”

“You kissed me.” My sister ran her thumb across her lips, staring at me with wide eyes. “Why the hell did you do that?”

“Did you like it?”

“What?”

“Did you like it?” I repeated, feeling lightheaded from what I had done, and what I was going to do.

My sister paused. Bingo. She liked it.

Lucia was taller than Ava, almost the same height as me. It wouldn’t take much effort to reclaim those soft lips.

God, my sister was beautiful. Lucia was twenty-five, in her absolute physical prime—her god-given curves and toned figure were evidence of that. Even with tired

eyes, wild hair, and not a touch of makeup on her face, she was much more than just sinfully sexy.

“Lucia...” I raised a hand and touched her cheek. She shivered and unconsciously leaned into my touch. We were both breathing heavily, our breaths mingling, my gaze dropping to her heaving breasts before flicking back to her ocean blues. “... I think I’m in love with you.”

*I think?* Why did I say that? I was *definitely* in love with her. With both my sisters. Anyone could argue it was pure lust, and maybe they were right, but I also cared deeply for both of them.

That counts as love.

Right?

“Aaron...” Lucia’s blues flicked between my left and my right eye. “This is so wrong.” She exhaled, her breath tickling my face. “We’re... we’re siblings. We can’t.”

“We can if we want to.” I used my free hand to outline her waist, almost moaning at how curvy she was—just like her sister. “No one will know. Ava is out. Mom and Dad are not even in the country. Who would find out?”

Lucia paused, and I used the moment to palm her ass through her shorts, squeezing them. She closed her eyes and a soft moan leaked out from parted lips, so quiet, I wouldn’t have heard it if I wasn’t right next to her.

Holy shit, I made my sister moan.

I squeezed her harder, and she moaned again. I used my past experience with Ava—and what she taught me—and began kissing her neck, while my other hand dropped from her face, sliding through peaks and valleys.

Lucia didn’t disappoint. Her body was top tier, crafted from insane genetics and toned from years in ballet.

Yeap, lucky me. Ava was the cheerleader. Lucia was the dancer.

She quit ballet a couple of years ago, but she still kept her body toned from the gym and lean from strict dieting.

“Aaron.... oh...” Lucia was heaving and gasping, her eyelids closed, her chin up towards the ceiling, exposing her neck to me as I nibbled, licked, and planted gentle kisses. “Where... where did you learn how to do this?”

“Do you like it?” I asked instead.

“Mhmm.”

Still squeezing her plump cheeks and pressing my rock hard erection between her legs, I abandoned her ample curves in favor of her breasts.

Lucia jerked when I palmed her tits through her top, gasping when I squeezed them. They were much larger than Ava’s, much rounder too. I couldn’t decide which one I liked better. Lucia’s mature breasts or Ava’s perfect teardrops.

My sisters shared the same genetics, but they were exotic in their own ways. It was like comparing a Ferrari and a Lamborghini. Both were supercars, and you couldn’t go wrong with either.

Most men would be happy with just one. I had to own both.

“Aaron.... please... please sto—”

She didn’t finish, so I challenged her to complete the sentence.

“Please, what, Lucia?” I found her sensitive spot on her neck, alternating between nibbling and licking, making my sister squirm and gasp in front of me. “If you say the word, everything stops. But you don’t want it to stop, do you?”

“Aaron... please.” Her voice cracked. “Dont.”

I backed her against the tiled wall. “Don’t what?”

“Don’t—” I placed the flat on my tongue on a hot vein, then ran along it. My sister gasped, the words fizzling out of her mouth.

“Don’t what?” I repeated.



“Oh my god....” Her eyes were closed again, and she was just repeating the words in low whimpers, pressing her hot pussy against my throbbing erection, the only thing separating us were a couple layers of thin fabric. “Oh my god...”

Time to take things up a notch.

I slowly lowered my eyes down her body, admiring every tempting inch, every curve and angle. My hand left her ass. As plump and firm as her cheeks were, there was another part of her I much preferred to touch.

I skirted around the waistband of her cotton shorts, circling to her front and slipped my hand underneath her pants, making contact with soaked panties. Normally, I would be delighted to know how wet Lucia was for me, but the undergarment was just another obstacle to my goal. I tugged her panties down, blindly reaching for her clit.

She was so wet, my fingers slipped everywhere. But on the fourth try, I hit gold and groaned at the incredible wetness gathering on my fingertips. Lucia moaned and pressed her head on my shoulder, rolling her hips against my hand, begging for friction, her body betraying her words.

She moaned again when I flicked her clit, and when I pinched the throbbing nub, she shrieked and bit into my shoulder.

“Aaron...” Her breaths were heavy against my neck.

“Yes, Lucy?”

I never called her Lucy before. Only Ava had that privilege, but it seemed appropriate in the moment.

“This... this is so wrong.”

“But does it feel right?”

She didn’t answer.

“Just relax, okay?” I slid my thumb across her clit, drawing out a soft whimper from my beautiful sister. “Let me get you off.”

Lucia leaned back and stared into my eyes. Her lips trembled, and she bit down on her lower lip to steady them. "I'm close already. But—how?"

I rubbed her nub faster. "How what?"

"H-How are you doing this?" I slipped my index finger into her slick folds and she swallowed me right up. "Aaron... please... why does this feel so fucking...?"

I added a second finger, then a third quickly after. I spread them apart, stretching my sister open. "Fucking... what?"

Lucia was sobbing. She nestled her head on my shoulder, dropping her weight against me. "Aaron, please..."

I dipped my drenched fingers in and out, paying special attention to her throbbing clit, because in my experience, that seemed to get the best reactions out of Ava. "Fucking what, Lucy?"

Lucy seemed to love it. She rocked her hips back and forth, matching the rhythm of my fingers, her pussy walls clenching around my digits.

"Fucking what, Lucy?" I repeated just as a moan ripped out from her throat, filling up the entire house.

"FUCKING AMAZING!" she screamed out, and her walls clamped down so damn tight I couldn't withdraw my fingers.

Oh fuck, she was orgasming. Lucia thrust back and forth against my trapped fingers. I stilled when a flood of arousal began squirting out of her, soaking my pants, a shrill cry coming out with the tide.

"HOLY SHIT!"

Her nails dug into my back. I started to panic. Everything was happening so quickly, and I wasn't mentally prepared. Here I was, finger fucking my older sister to an explosive orgasm.

It was wild. Fucking bizarre.

But I needed to stay in control. I didn't want another Ava in my life. So far, Lucia was in denial about what was happening, but she had been submissive, allowing me to kiss her, feel her up, do whatever I wanted.

I needed to keep it that way. Be in control. Show no signs of weakness.

"It's okay, Lucy," I said as she shrieked and convulsed, whimpers exploding out of her mouth, muffled by my shoulders. "It's okay. Cum for me, baby."

My sister was still spurting waves of arousal. I held her squirming body, not bothering how damp and heavy my shorts were from her juices. I whispered in her ear, still kissing her, still holding her tight until Lucia finally shuddered and slumped against me.

"Oh my god..." She sniffed, whimpered, then shuddered again. "Oh my fucking god."

I allowed my sister to breathe, holding her limp body upright as she nestled against me, her round breasts feeling amazing against my chest.

"Aaron." Lucia's voice was so throaty, her breathing patchy. "What... How did you do that? How—why am I feeling like this?"

"I don't know, Lucy," I lied, remembering Ava saying those exact words, being in a state of confusion, too.

My hands descended her sides, and I spent a few moments feeling her up before I took her hand. "Come. Let's go."

"Where?" Lucia looked at me, her ocean blue eyes hazy. She was clearly in a state of confusion and arousal. I had to take advantage of it before she regained her senses.

"My bedroom," I said simply, leading her away from the kitchen.

"W-We can't." But Lucia didn't resist. She allowed me to bring her across the living room and into mine, where I closed the door and locked it shut.

I let go of my sister and looked at her. She seemed nervous, eyeing my bed, at me, down to her clasped hands.

"This is so wrong, Aaron," Lucia whispered. "We really shouldn't be doing this."

“Like I said.” I held her wandering gaze, locking it in place. My heart raced under my chest, just like hers. I could feel her thundering heartbeats beneath my palms. “Just say the word and we’ll stop. Go on. Say it. Tell me you don’t want this.”

She looked away.

“Hey.” I grabbed her chin, not letting her break eye contact. I had to let her know who was in control—and who was submitting. “If you want this, stop saying you don’t. Is that clear?”

She was silent for a while, her blues so light and pretty, her breaths heavy. Finally, she broke eye contact and nodded.

“Don’t just nod,” I told my sister, taking a page from our younger sister and how she dominated me. “Say it.”

She nodded again and gulped, her next words barely a whisper.

“Yes, Sir.”

*Sir?*

The simple word echoed in my ears.

Sir?

Holy fuck. My cock jerked up, pulsing. Lucia sure as hell could feel my excitement.

I undressed my sexy sister, our heavy breaths filling up the space between us. This time, she helped me, raising her hands so I could clear her top off her head. She wasn’t wearing a bra.

Her plump breasts popped out, nipples hard and perky. I gawked at the hypnotizing sight, almost dipping into a trance.

Then her soft fingers were on me. I allowed Lucia to pry my shirt off before we joined lips.

It was a fervor of lips and teeth, the kiss bruising. Aggressive. Lucia gripped my shoulders, and I clutched her soft hair in my fist, swallowing her moans, muffling her whimpers, drunk on her flavor.

Lucia must have been waiting for me to deepen the kiss because, as soon as I stroked past her lips with my tongue, hers greeted mine. So deliciously warm, wet, and inviting. We traded moans.

I was so close to the edge, my cock on the verge of exploding. Lucia was driving me crazy and I couldn't embarrass myself like my first time with Ava. No way.

Pulling back from my heaving sister, I growled the order through clenched teeth, not feeling like myself at all.

"Get on the bed." I pulled her back into me, just to have one more sampling of her intoxicating flavor before shoving her towards the direction of my bed. "On all fours. Now."

She nodded and walked towards my bed, pulling her cotton shorts and panties down.

I have never ever seen Lucia so... tame.

She was always this looming older figure in my life and seeing her this compliant was turning me the fuck on. Energy surged through my body, an unmatched confidence that had been there before.

Why was she so submissive? Why wasn't she arguing? She could walk away at any moment, yet she chose to stay. Was Lucia the perfect candidate for the love pill when it didn't really work on Ava? That would explain her sudden shift in personality.

It didn't matter. The only important thing was the sight of my sister on my bed in the perfect position.

On all fours, back arched, hips up, drenched pussy pointed straight at me, juices trailing down her inner thighs. The erotic sight had me leaking too, my body so primed to dominate hers.

Lucia definitely had been in the position before, judging by how graceful she slid into the pose, and how relaxed she looked, despite the visible nerves.

I didn't realize the full extent of what was happening until I took off my shorts, crossed my room and hopped onto my bed, positioning myself behind my sister, hands on her amazing ass. Holy fuck, I was going to have sex with Lucia. I couldn't believe it.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Lucy," I growled, spreading her cheeks and rolling my hips forward, prodding at her entrance.

Lucia moaned, writhing back against my touch, and I groaned at how good it felt for her to push up against me like that. The heat of her pussy scorched the tip of my cock, tendrils of desire clouding my vision.

I sank into my sister. She was so fucking wet and I slid into her easily, groaning, her pussy walls swallowing me up.

"Lucia!"

"Aaron!" Lucia yelped, arching and curving her spine. She wasn't nearly as tight as Ava, which meant she had been recently fucked, but her pussy felt as incredible as our sister, which should be an impossible feat, but Lucia was full of surprises.

I was a couple of inches deep, her pussy flexing deliciously, Lucia's moans and whimpers cheering me on until I couldn't slide in any deeper. I gripped her sweat slicked hips and drove in hard, forcing entry.

"FUCK—OH MY GOD!" Lucia cried out as I stretched her wide. Her cunt pulsed once. Twice. And then I was fully inside her, my sister taking me to the balls like the good girl she was.

Lucia rolled her hips forward, withdrawing me out halfway before she slammed her ass back against my cock, swallowing my entire length up.

"Fuck." I spat the curse out, my balls slapping against the curve of her ass so hard, for a split second, I lost grip on reality. "Fuck!"

Fuck.

There was no way I could last long, not with how desperate Lucia was and how fucking amazing she felt.

I took control, thrusting hard and fast, driving myself in and out of her pussy. Lucia allowed me to dictate the rhythm, submitting to my will, digging her forehead into the mattress, her hands balled into tight fists, screams muffled.

On a deafening slam forward, I hit a spot inside her and a raw cry spilled from those beautiful lips.

“Harder!” Lucia whimpered.

Harder? I was going as hard as I could. What was with my sisters and their fetishes of getting fucked impossibly rough?

I sucked in a breath, and on the exhale, drove forward as hard as I possibly fucking could, feeling like my cock was going to break.

Her round ass cheeks jiggled from the force of impact, and needles of pleasure bolted through me.

I cried out, fighting against the cascade of overwhelming sensations. A losing battle, but I fought anyway

“YES!” Lucia shrieked, her body folding in pleasure, her ass clenching, crushing my cock, her heated inner walls pulsing in rapid, split second waves. “YES! YES! YES!”

Fuck. Fuck. FUCK!

She felt so fucking good. She felt so unbelievably fucking good.

At another brutal slam in, my whole body locked up, and I broke apart in a deafening moan, not being able to pin down the avalanche of sensations a second longer.

It was pathetic. Just a few thrusts in and all my sense of control evaporated. It was the same with Ava, and Lucia was no exception. Both my sisters possessed bodies no mortal man could last long in.

And I had fucked them both.

My orgasm swelled, then detonated in a brutal concoction of rapture and ecstasy, ripping me apart, frazzling my nerves and consuming me whole.

“God—Lucia!” My cock spasmed inside her, spurting out what felt like gallons of hot seeds, rushing through her pussy walls, straight to her womb.

“Aaron, FUCK!” My sister choked the word out. She raised her head and arched her back beautifully, lifting her tits. “FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!”

Her wails lit up the bedroom, drowning out my moans.

Then her pussy clamped shut so fucking tight. I had to halt my thrusts and grip her sides, needing more friction, but I was stuck inside her. I moaned my sister’s name out, pouring out the rest of my orgasm into her flexing tunnels while she milked my cock for everything I was worth.

I shuddered as the final ropes of cum fizzled out, but Lucia was still going, rabid in her movements. Shrill moans spilled out of her, along with a flood of juices, her inner walls pulsing excitedly around me.

Both of my sisters were squirters, and I took a moment to note their differences. Lucia was definitely more expressive than Ava. Louder too. Much louder. Our little sister let out cute whimpers and needy grunts while Lucia was all erotic moans and loud cries.

But the one similarity they both had was how long they could cum. Minutes passed in a daze, and when my sister finally finished, she sighed and slumped down onto the mattress. I laid on top of her sweat-slicked back, inhaling her rose scent, feeling utterly content having blown my load into a pussy worth fucking.

“Holy shit, Lucy.” I kissed her nape and relaxed into all her toned muscles that filled her back. “That was intense.”

She tensed and rolled off me, my cock withdrawing out of her with a wet ‘plop’.

Lucia’s blue eyes were wide. She looked between me and the mess we made on the bed.

“We just fucked,” she said slowly, as if she didn’t believe what happened. “Aaron... We—We just fucked.”

“Yes.”



“Oh my god.” She covered her open mouth with a palm, looking distraught. “Why the fuck did we do that? Why?”

I shrugged. “Because we wanted to. That was amazing, by the way.”

“We’re siblings, Aaron. This is...” She cringed, almost in tears. “... disgusting.” Lucia looked down at her body, suddenly realizing her nakedness. “I—I need to go.”

My sister struggled out of bed, bending down to retrieve her clothes, muttering ‘oh my gods’ to herself. Her pussy was still leaking my cum, dripping down her inner thighs.

I got out of bed and followed her, not sure what to say, but hoping I could convince my sister that incest wasn’t such a bad thing. Yeah, we were told it was disgusting, but both of us were grown adults. We could do whatever the fuck we wanted. Screw what society said.

Perhaps the love pill had corrupted, but the way I saw it, the pill revealed the truth deep inside me. Something I was ashamed of for my entire life.

I was sexually attracted to my sisters. No other women in the world could compare to them.

“I can’t believe it. I can’t believe it.” Lucia muttered. She crossed my room in a huff, swung open my door... then froze in place.

What was it? Don’t tell me...

I peeked out from behind her, confirming my suspicions.

Ava was standing in the living room, cheerleading uniform intact, looking absolutely gorgeous, especially with her skin glimmering with sweat.

“Ava.” Lucia tried to cover her nudity with her clothes, but it was clear the sins we had done. “I—I can explain. We didn’t—” Lucia turned to me, a mix of emotions contorting her expression—namely fear. “Aaron, tell her! Tell her this isn’t what it looks like.”

I said nothing, because there was no point. We stood there like statues while Ava’s gaze flickered between Lucia and me. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, she sniffed,

turned away and stormed into her room, slamming her door so hard I could feel the vibrations.

“Aaron, we’re fucked.” Lucia was panicking, half shouting, half crying. “We’re done.”

I shook my head. “It’s okay, Lucy. It’s fine.”

“What do you mean, it’s fine?” Her voice grew shrill. “What the fuck do—”

“I fucked Ava too.”

Silence.

“During your trip to Hong Kong,” I explained to my stunned sister. “Me and Ava... we... she took my virginity. She taught me everything.”

“You... you were the boyfriend Ava was referring to last night.”

“Yes.” I stepped forward to hold her, but Lucia jerked away, stepping back. “It’s okay. It’s okay. Ava won’t tell anyone. This will be our secret.”

“What the fuck is happening, Aaron?” Lucia shook her head, tears pricking from her blue eyes. Shit, she really was distraught. “Why are we suddenly... doing these sick things to each other? What the fuck is happening? Why do I feel this way?”

When I didn’t answer her, Lucia dashed for her room, hugging her clothes tight to her chest. I had never seen Lucia in tears before, and it pained me to see her in this state.

It was all my fault, but I knew I was in this game for the long run, whatever the cost. It would be all worth it.

I hope.

\*\*\*

I knew it was Ava the moment she banged on my door.

*Bang! Bang! Bang!*

It was midnight, and I purposely stayed up late, hoping one of my sisters would visit me.

I had deduced that not only the love pill made my sisters constantly aroused, but it made them *addicted* to me. Whether it was my cock, cum, or just... me, I didn't know.

But one thing was for certain. It changed them.

It made Ava, who had amazing self-control, to break. And it caused Lucia, who clearly didn't want to commit the ultimate sin, to go on all fours and allow herself to get fucked raw.

*Bang! Bang! Bang!*

I hopped off my bed, my chest tightening and my heart racing. Fucking Lucia was still fresh in my mind—and my cock. If Ava wanted sex, then I could fuck both my sisters in one day.

A lifelong fantasy.

But it had to be on my terms. Would I have the willpower to deny sex with Ava again?

*Bang! Bang! Bang!*

"I'm coming," I muttered, crossing my room and swinging open the door.

I caught a blur of pink hair before my sister tackled my lips. I stumbled backwards, moaning, my tastebuds bursting with vanilla.

Automatically, my body shut down, responding to hers. The warm bliss of Ava's tongue tangled with mine, and I moaned at how exotic she tasted and how fucking soft her lips were.

I went to her ass, and it took me a second before I realized I was palming bare skin. She was... naked.

Oh fuck, that made things even better.

We tumbled backwards into a wall. I tried to pull my sister in closer, clutching her lush pink hair, desperate to deepen the kiss and have more of her. I couldn't get enough of her lips, her scent, her desperate whimpers....

Ava broke our connection and we both gasped for air. My heart was racing so loud, I couldn't hear anything except for the thumping in my head and the screams from my cock to fuck my sister senseless and raw.

"Ava..." I looked at my beautiful sister, admiring how swollen and wet her lips looked.

Instead of replying, Ava pressed her sex against my thigh, rubbing the wet, hot thing up and down.

I hissed through clenched teeth as she coated my legs with her arousal.

No way. There was no way I could say no to sex now.

Her lips parted. "Is my pussy better, big bro?"

"W-What?" It was hard to concentrate with her teardrops pressing against my chest or when she was grinding her hot cunt against me.

I was powerless to resist when Ava grabbed my cock and angled it to her pussy. Seconds later, delirious heat pulsed around me, her inner walls flexing. I moaned, loud, entering her.

"Does. My. Pussy. Feel. Better?"

"Than whose?" I choked out.

Ava expertly rolled her hips back and forth and I met her hips with sways of my own, stretching her open. "You know who."

"Fuck—Ava." I squeezed my eyes shut. Pleasure was detonating inside me, ripping me apart. My sister let out soft moans of her own as she fucked me against the wall.

"Answer me, Aaron. Whose pussy is better?"

“Yours.” I gasped, burying deep into her, hitting a spot I knew she loved. Ava let out a cute whimper, and I rewarded her by thrusting into the same spot again. “Fucking yours.”

I didn’t see the slap coming until the sharp sound echoed through the room, my right cheek lighting up in pain.

I flinched, then stared down at Ava, who had stopped her delicious rhythm. “What the fuck?”

She glared back, anger in her blue eyes. I was still inside her, and I watched her as she drew a palm and sent it flying towards my face. I caught her wrist just before contact.

“Fuck you!” Ava spat out, drops of saliva landing on me. Tears welled up in her blue eyes. “Fuck you, Aaron!”

“Ava—please. Relax!” I struggled with her hand, and the movements caused me to slide out of her, my cock painfully cold, yearning to be back inside her heat. “Relax!”

“FUCK YOU!”

Even though I didn’t have much strength, I managed to spin my sister around and against the wall, switching positions, pinning both her wrists at her sides. Ava was full on crying, tears dropping down her cheek.

I kept begging her to calm down, but she didn’t. She kept trying to escape my hold and deliver more hard blows, but I was firm, and finally, after minutes of struggle, she stopped her attempts, her face a mess of tears.

I let her go, and she buried her face in her hands, sobbing loudly.

“Hey, hey.” I felt like an absolute jerk. Just today, I reduced both my sisters into tears. It was my fault. “Ava.”

I touched her, and Ava slapped my wrist away, glaring at me with tear-stained eyes. “Fuck off, Aaron!”

I recognized the venom in her voice. I was very familiar with it, and it hurt to hear it from her again.

"Please don't cry," I told her. "Can we talk? Please?"

My room door was still open behind me, so I backtracked and closed it, hoping Lucia didn't hear the commotion we made.

"Talk about what?" Ava glared at me. "About how you cheated on me? What did I do to deserve such punishment? Huh? Maybe we can talk about that!"

"Listen, please." I held up a hand and slowly stepped towards her. But my sister was having none of it. She smacked my hand away before I could touch her. I sighed.

"You fucking admitted my pussy is better. You know sex with me is better, yet you fuck the other sister? What's next, Aaron? Vanessa? Are you going to fuck that bitch just to hurt me?"

"I don't want to hurt you."

She laughed through her tears. "Sure. I guess you fucked Lucia just for fun. How stupid of me to think otherwise."

"Listen." How was I going to explain myself? "I... I want both of you. I love both of you. I—"

"Don't fucking talk about love." Ava stepped forward and shoved me. I was ready for it, so I didn't stagger. "Don't fucking say that word!"

"It's true. It's true." I extended both palms in front of me, in case she was going to shove me or slap me again. "I want both of you. I know it's hard to understand but—"

"Let me understand your logic. You have me. Had me. You admit sex with me is better, yet you want to fuck other girls? Is that it, Aaron? Is that what's going on in your fucked up brain?"

"It's difficult to have sex with you, Ava. You—"

"What do you mean, it's difficult?" She shook her head. "All you need to do is to be a normal boyfriend and not fuck other women. That's it! Is that so fucking difficult? Huh?"

"You're too possessive," I argued. "You're way too controlling."

“Because you cheat on me!” She spat out. “You fuck other women when my back is turned! How the fuck can I not be paranoid? What the fuck, Aaron?”

“I only want you and Lucia,” I said, knowing I was digging myself a deeper grave. But I had to have them both. I was well aware of how greedy I was. Ava alone was way more than enough, but I had to have both. I had to. “I just want to love both of you. I won’t have sex with any other woman. Just you and her. That’s it.”

“But why?” My sister shook her head. “Why the fuck would you cheat on me?”

“It’s not—” I sighed. “I want a relationship with both of you. That’s all I want. I admit sex with you is much better, and I love you more—”

“Just listen,” I said quickly when Ava opened her mouth at the mention of ‘love.’ “I do. I love you. But I also love Lucia. I want you both, okay? Is that so hard to understand? It doesn’t matter that you give me greater pleasure. I still want both of you.”

“You’re fucking out of your mind, you know that? You’re insane. Sick. Delusional.”

“I know.” I sighed. “Please, can you accept that?”

“You’re insane if you think I would willingly allow you to cheat. What more do you want, Aaron? Do you want a fucking medal, too?”

“Just you and her,” I swore. “I also want to...” How should I phrase it? “I want control, Ava. I am done with you pushing me around.”

“Control?” She laughed. “You really lost it. If I gave you control, you’d ruin me. I would be more of a mess than what I am now.” Ava nodded to the bed. “Get on the bed. I’ll show you fucking control.”

I stood my ground. I had leverage. Yeah, I desperately wanted my little sister, but thanks to the pill, I had confirmation that she needed me too.

“Those are my conditions, Ava,” I told her. “You need to be okay with me having a relationship with both of you, and you need to give me control. That’s it. Then you can have me all day, every day, for the rest of your life. I swear.”

“Fuck you and your conditions.” She flipped me the bird. “You’re doing this just to hurt me. Just admit it. Just admit you hate me.”

I sighed. “I don’t hate you, Ava. Don’t you get it? I’m in love with you.”

“Sure. If you love me, you’d definitely want to include other women in our relationship. Sure, Aaron. I definitely believe you’re madly in love with me.”

“I am. I am.” I insisted, tentatively stepping towards my sister again in another attempt to touch her. Miraculously, she didn’t swat me away, and I brushed against her tear-stained cheeks. I leaned closer and closer. “I love you, Ava.”

I expected a slap at any moment, but I didn’t care. I moved in, aiming for her lips. She accepted it and I didn’t waste a second, licking past her lips and moaning when she greeted me. We spared for a while, licking and sucking passionately.

When I was satisfied, I pulled back, gazing at her blues, now with hints of red in them. “I love you, Ava.”

A tear leaked out from her right eye. “Don’t fucking say that if you don’t mean it.”

“I mean it. I love you.”

She looked away. “Are we going to fuck or not?”

“Only if you give me control. I’m sorry, Ava, but I-I just can’t with how possessive you are. I need control, Ava. I need it.”

She wasn’t making eye contact. “If I give you control, you’d ruin me. I can’t.”

“I need you to trust me. Just this once.”

She shook her head. “After what you did? No way.”

I sighed.

My sister wiped a tear away. “Are we going to fuck or not?”

I shook my head, my heart in a million pieces.



My sister moved away, shuffling towards my door, her delicious scent leaving me. I was almost in tears myself as I watched her go, my chest hurting like hell.

For once, I was truthful with her. The only thing I was hiding was the love pill she accidentally took, but I was going to drag that secret to my grave.

Ava opened my door, took a step out. Stopped.

She paused in my doorway for a long, long time, staring out, and I couldn't help but gaze dreamily at her naked back and ass. She was so fit and sexy, it was hard not to admire her, no matter the situation.

Finally, after long, excruciating minutes, my sister turned around, giving me sight of her beautiful tear-stained face. She closed the door and regarded me with her piercing blues.

"One night," she told me, closing the door and sealing our fate. "I'll surrender for one night. In return, you'll show me the truth. You'll show me how much you truly love me."

"Deal."